

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons Richard and Henry. Illustrated by Original Letters and other Family Papers.* By Oliver Cromwell Esq. a Descendant of the Family. With portraits from original pictures. London, 1820. 4to, pp. 733.

The season for active publication having now arrived, new works pour in upon us in such abundance, as to afford but short time for critical deliberation. It is therefore well for our rapidly revolving periodical, especially at this productive period, that it professes generally, in the language of Bayle, "to be a reporter, and not a judge." We can state facts, where it would be hazardous to deliver opinions; and it requires much less time to be enabled to describe what a book is, than to tell what we think of it.

This volume is of massive size, and has some fine plates: so much for externals. It is sensibly written, displays ample research, and furnishes some original documents, from family papers, touching the private life of the extraordinary man whose biography, inseparably linked as it is with one of the most eventful epochs of English history, it places in the full light of record. It also contains interesting particulars relative to his children: so much for internals; at least, en masse.

The work may, perhaps more correctly than in the title page, be designated a Historical Essay on the era between the accession of Charles I and the death of Cromwell, and a Defence of the latter against all the imputations which have been thrown upon his memory. In this respect it proves, or attempts to prove, as far as our hasty judgment goes, far too much; and, certainly, nothing can be more loose than many of the arguments, nor more inconclusive than many of the inferences drawn from them. But in other cases, the Lord Protector seems to be satisfactorily exculpated from charges brought against him after the restoration, and as currently credited as repeated, down to the present day. It is thus impossible

to view the performance in any other light, than as an acceptable addition to our stock of literature, both as a specimen of eminent biography and of British History.

It is a rather curious circumstance, to notice the difference between the usurper Cromwell and the usurper Buonaparte: both men wonderfully exalted, both lauded to the skies, and both painted as fiends. But Cromwell died in the full possession of the authority which he attained; and in this displayed greater genius than his follower, who arrived at much wider power only to afford an instance of that madness which success creates to wreck its minion. In the latter case a new philosophy performed the service which in the former was done by a renovated religion: infidelity did the work of fanaticism. When we spoke of the difference between these personages, however, we rather contemplated what was connected with literature than with politics. More than a century and a half has elapsed since the death of the famous Oliver, and it is only now that a historian of his race comes forward to vindicate his character. Not so with Napoleon; he, in his solitary banishment, is his own annalist, his own vindicator, his own eulogist. And then, the multitude of his other panegyrists, French, Polish, Flemish, Italian, and even English!... Surely this affords a very singular and striking proof of the strength and liberty acquired by the press, and of the immense effects upon the condition of society which must be operated by that prodigious engine.

But we will not detain our readers longer from such examples from this volume as our limits permit us to make; only premising, that from its nature it is little susceptible of that species of elucidation, and that there is not a single aspersion upon Cromwell which it does not endeavour to refute, from that of having a chief concern in the king's murder to that of being unamiable in private life.

Nothing has appeared to be more firmly established, than that Cromwell was originally a brewer; after showing that he belonged both paternally

and maternally to good and ancient families, the following is the author's testimony on this head.

The same writer (Mr. Noble), from the writers of those times, describes Cromwell's father as (having a small fortune) carrying on a large brewing business, the accounts whereof, he says, were wholly attended to by his wife; who, after his decease, continued to carry it on; whereby she was enabled to give her daughters sufficient fortunes to marry them into genteel families. Dr. Harris gives the same account from Dugdale and other authorities, and very justly adds, that, if true, it could not be deemed discreditable to the family, the youngest brothers of the best families in this country engaging in trade, and thereby raising themselves to fortune and independency. It has been also said that Cromwell himself was engaged in the same business for his support. All this has been said by Cromwell's enemies, for the purpose of degrading him; but no evidence to be relied on is produced in support of these assertions. The truth is, nothing certain is likely to be known of his early life, or the pecuniary circumstances of his parents. But it should be observed, that Cromwell, in his speech to his parliament, of 12th September 1654, says, "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity;"—and that he had been called to several employments in the nation, and to serve in parliaments. This account of himself, publicly given in the face of the nation, open therefore to contradiction if not true, is surely a sufficient confutation of all the stories of his and his family's narrow circumstances, and their engagements in trade in consequence. Lord Clarendon, in his anxious desire to lower Cromwell's consequence, would not have omitted to avail himself of these circumstances, had he credited them. In Peck's *Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Cromwell*, are three panegyrics of Cromwell, supposed by Peck to have been written by Milton, upon different occasions; in the third of which he describes him as grown rich at home. [Does not this look like trade? A man with a large family and small estate was not likely to become so, without some such means.] The time of his birth is ascertained to have been upon the 25th April, 1599, and it appears to have been at Huntingdon. That his father, during his life, and his mother, after his father's death, were careful of his education, is probable; but his being first under the tuition of one person and then of another; his proficiency or non-proficiency in learning; his aspiring, stubborn, obstinate temper, incurring severe correction; and the

accounts of the boisterousness of his disposition rendering him a terror to the neighbourhood; and, above all, the incredible story of his disagreement with and giving the King's son, the then Duke of York, afterwards King Charles, a blow, when at play at Hinchinbrooke; also his supposed dream of his future greatness, and his acting in the comedy of *Lingua*;—these must be the fabrications of the different writers after the Restoration, who chose to suppose there must be something marvellous and criminal in the very earliest moments of this extraordinary man's life. Indeed, it is quite improbable that all, or any of the trifling incidents of his childhood and youth, should have been noticed, and then preserved during a period of between fifty and sixty years; nor was it very likely that the witnesses to these things should have been then living, and in possession of memory and mental powers sufficient to have accurately remembered and related them. [They might however have been handed down from sire to son, and it is *very likely* that many true as well as false anecdotes of a person who had risen so high would be thus preserved.] Lord Clarendon mentions Cromwell's supposed dream, and relates, that during his deliberation respecting the proposed taking upon himself the office of King, he revolved in his mind this dream or apparition, that had at first informed and promised him the high fortune to which he was then already arrived; which, he says, had been generally spoken of even from the beginning of the troubles, and that he remembered that it had only declared that he should be the greatest man in England, and should be near to be King, which seemed to imply, that he should be only near, and never actually attain the crown. How his Lordship should thus acquire the knowledge of Cromwell's inmost thoughts is not conceivable: had he for a moment indulged in his own mind a thought upon so silly a subject, he would probably have been ashamed to communicate it to his nearest friend. Sir Phillip Warwick mentions this dream. He relates that, after the rendition of Oxford, (which was in June 1646), he was frequently with his wife's sister, near Huntingdon, where he had occasion to converse with Cromwell's physician, Dr. Simcott, who assured him, that for many years, he (Cromwell, his patient) was a most splenic man, and had fancies about the cross in that town; and that he had been called up to him at midnight, and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy, which made him believe he was then dying. Sir Phillip then adds, "And there went a story of him," that, in the day-time, lying melancholy upon his bed, he believed that a spirit appeared to him, and told him that he should be the greatest man (not mentioning the word King) in this kingdom; which his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, told him was traitorous to relate. This must be the same story that Lord Clarendon relates; but, it is very evident, from Sir Phillip's change of expression, that this story of the dream made no part of the doctor's relation, and that it was mere common report. Sir Phillip does

not say when Cromwell was in this low splenic state. Had Cromwell had such a dream, the doctor must have heard it in his attendance upon him in the state of mind he describes him, most likely to produce unpleasant or extraordinary dreams; and, in his relation of his complaints, he could not have forgotten one so extraordinary. There can be no doubt that this dream was a fabrication after the event, and probably after the Restoration, when every idle story to his prejudice met with a welcome reception.

This is a fair specimen of the writer's mode of reasoning: and it will, we presume, confirm the idea we have thrown out respecting it. We quote a few other passages on the same subject.

At the time of the King's forementioned first visiting Hinchinbrooke, in his way from Scotland, which was in 1603, Cromwell was not more than four years old; and in 1616 and 1617, when the King is said again to have visited Hinchinbrooke, he must have been between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and the prince one year older than him; and the two latter times, Cromwell must have known better than thus to conduct himself, supposing nothing to have prevented him. At college, he is described by different historians,—one, to save the trouble of examination, following another,—as living a dissolute and disorderly course of life, being more famous whilst there for foot-ball, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study, and as being of a rough and blustering disposition, acquiring the name of Royster. Some writers say, he continued at college one year, others two: upon the strictest search and enquiry at the college, no trace is to be found there of the time of his quitting, and it is not likely that there should be any other authentic source of information, after the lapse of forty years to the Restoration. [Is not this an unsupported assumption?] No ground, therefore, of belief is left that he quitted the college before the usual time of quitting, or that he misbehaved himself whilst there. The discipline may be presumed to have been very strict, and consequently the youth kept very orderly, to afford Archbishop Laud, then bishop of London, cause to complain (as he does in his considerations, presented by him to the King in the year 1628, for better settling the church-government) of this college and of Emanuel being the nurseries of puritanism. All, therefore, that is related of Cromwell's dissipated life at college, and his short continuance there, must be wholly invention, for the purpose of vilifying him, and rendering him odious and contemptible from the very outset of his life. In the pursuit of this object, he is supposed to be sent by his mother to Lincoln's-inn, soon after his return from Cambridge, where his mind is said to have been ingrossed by the juice of the grape and the charms of the fair, with a habit of gaming, instead of attending to his law studies. For the purpose of carrying on the story, he is then described as returning to Huntingdon a finished rake, where he followed his vicious

courses,—the taverns the chief places of his residence; but that his rude and boisterous behaviour prevented his equals consorting with him. This conduct, it is added, with forgetting to pay his reckoning, made him an unwelcome visitor, even to the publicans; nor were the young women less fearful of him, from the rude incivilities they received from him. This climax is reached by the relation of a story of his filthily bedaubing his cloaths, and dancing in that state at a Christmas festival given by his uncle Sir Oliver Cromwell; and by other irregularities, whereby he is said to have forfeited his uncle's good opinion. The stories of his successes whilst in town, in Lincoln's-inn, must fall to the ground, because he never was there. The most diligent search has now been made, and his name is not found in its records; and Sir James Burrows, in his anecdotes and observations relating to Cromwell and his family, also says, that upon search his name does not there appear. Nor is it likely that in those days, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age should be sent to an inn of court. His son Richard was certainly of that society. To conclude the subject of the supposed vices and follies of Cromwell's early life,—the short time allowed for their commission, presents a powerful obstacle to the belief of them. Some of them do not belong to the early age of sixteen or seventeen; nor was he, during his father's life, likely to be guilty of excesses of any sort. If he remained only one year at college, he would be eighteen years of age when he quitted it; and he must have been married before he was twenty-one, his first child appearing to have been baptized in the year 1621, when he could not be more than about twenty-two; so that three years must have been the utmost of the vicious part of his life: but no evidence to be relied on, is afforded of his having improperly quitted his college, or of his having resided in town, or of his having there or elsewhere lived a licentious life: his early marriage is a circumstance in favour of his previous sobriety.

This is rather better logic than what precedes it; but it is worthy of remark, that the author, while he refuses any credit to assertions made after the Restoration, calls upon us to believe those written during the Protectorate. We attach equal value to the flatteries of power, and the calumnies on fallen greatness. We extract another illustrative passage:

In Thurloe's State Papers is a letter from Beverning, the Dutch deputy in England, to Jongestall, at the Hague, dated August 12—22, 1653, wherein he says, "Last Saturday I had a discourse with His Excellency Cromwell above two hours, being without any body present with us. His Excellency spoke his own language so distinctly, that I could understand him. I answered again in Latin." Mr. Noble says he (Cromwell) answered, which is a mistake. Beverning writes to the same effect to Nieupoort, on the

same 22d of August. Although Cromwell did not here speak Latin, yet he must have well understood the language, as he could not then have had an interpreter with him, nobody being present at the meeting besides Cromwell and the writer; who, though he appears to have understood the English language when clearly and distinctly spoken to him, did not sufficiently understand it to converse in it; he therefore preferred carrying on the conversation in Latin, in which Cromwell must have been well versed to be able to continue it for more than two hours. Hence, it also appears that Cromwell spoke his own language well and correctly, and expressed himself clearly and intelligibly, and not in the confused manner generally attributed to him.

Whitelock, in his account of Cromwell's reception of the Swedish ambassador in 1655, when Protector, says, the ambassador spoke in the Swedish language, and that after he had done, being but short, his secretary did interpret it in Latin; and that after the interpreter had done, the Protector stood still a pretty while, and putting off his hat to the ambassador, with a carriage full of gravity and state, he answered him in English. That this speech was not interpreted, because the ambassador understood English; and that after it was done, the ambassador gave copies of his speech in Swedish and in Latin to the Protector. This is surely a further proof of Cromwell's familiar acquaintance with the Latin tongue, in which he would probably have answered the ambassador, had he not understood English. The same writer, in his journal of his Swedish embassy in the year 1653 and 1654, also says, that at a dinner at Grocer's Hall, in the city of London, Cromwell discoursed in Latin with the Swedish ambassador.

Enough, it is conceived, has been said in disproof of the common assertion of Cromwell's deficiency in the knowledge of the Latin language, and of his own tongue, and of his supposed early loss of time in idleness and dissipation.

Many may consider it no very important matter now, whether Cromwell understood latin well or ill; but to those who attach any interest to the point, it will be evident that the foregoing goes much farther to prove that he was an indifferent than a tolerable classic. His not speaking latin in answer to the Dutch Deputy using that tongue, is a very strong fact towards that conclusion; and even the Swedish audience is a negative argument the same way; and although the author changes the admission "distinctly," used by a foreigner, into "well and correctly," as applied by a native (expressions of extremely different meaning) he entirely fails in convincing us of the point he labours to demonstrate. The subjoined is infinitely more to the purpose.

All Cromwell's supposed excesses are, it is observable, confined to the years preceding his coming of age; because then he is to be produced in a state of repentance preparatory to his marriage, which is supposed to have been brought about by his relations, the Hampdens and the Barringtons; and then, it is said, that his settling part of his paternal estate upon his wife, is a proof that he had not spent it, as some imagined, adding, that there had not been time for it.

Then comes a charge of a very serious nature, of his endeavouring to mend his supposed broken fortune, by annexing the estate of his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, to his own, by representing him as a person unfit to govern it, and petitioning to His Majesty for a commission of lunacy, which the King refused. But, most extraordinary to relate, this same uncle, for the purpose of reconciling this story with his uncle's will in his favour, is supposed to have been prevailed upon to forgive him, and to leave him his estate. This supposed attempt to deprive his uncle of his estate, would have been so atrocious and unpardonable, that the reasonable conclusion must be, that this disposition in favour of Cromwell proves the falsehood of the story. Mr. Noble, in his third edition, gives a copy of this will, which is dated January 29, 1635, by which he gives all his landed property to his nephew, Oliver Cromwell. He desires to be buried in the cathedral church of Ely, in the tomb of his grandfather.

In continuance of these farcical representations, Cromwell is now, upon his marriage, to become too good: the strictness of his manners, it is said, had recommended him to the notice of the austere non-conformists, who weaned him from the established church, and he became sometimes a preacher amongst them. This is not likely to be true; all his children appear, by the foregoing registers, to have been baptized according to the rites of the established church; nor are the above grants to him of the leases by the dean and chapter of Ely, an inconsiderable proof that he had not yet become a non-conformist, which was at that time a hated character. Nor does he appear to have been considered by the then government as its inveterate enemy, although he had opposed some of its measures in the parliament of 1627; for, in the sixth year of the reign of the King (1631), it appears, in the records of Huntingdon, that by the charter then granted to that town, Thomas Beard, D. D., Robert Barnard, Esq., and Oliver Cromwell, Esq., burgesses for their lives, together with the high-steward, the recorder, the mayor, the senior alderman, and the chamberlain for the time being, were created justices for that borough.

The author follows his famous ancestor from his residence at Huntingdon to St. Ives—denies that he was profligate during the few years he lived there—and thence to Ely. His more public transactions are too well known to tempt us to dwell on the parts which treat of them; and we therefore conclude our

present notice with three of his letters, which will afford very accurate grounds for judging of the style of that time, and of the writer's manner in addressing his nearest relatives.

The following is a copy of an original letter, in the British Museum, from Cromwell to his daughter Ireton, given by Dr. Harris: it is dated, London, 25th October, 1646, and is addressed to her at Combury, the general's head quarters.

"Deere Daughter,"

"I write not to thy husband, partly to avoyd trouble; for one line of mine begitts many of his, wch I doubt makes him sitt up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed att this tyme, havinge some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Clapole is (I trust in mercy) exercised with some perplexed thoughts: she sees her own vanitie and carnal minde, bewailinge it; she seekes after (as I hope alsoe) that wch will satisfie; and thus to be a seeker, is to bee of the best sect next a finder; and such a one shall every faythfull humble seeker bee att the end. Fy, ppye seeker, happie finder. Whoever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sence of self-vanitie and badnesse? Who ever tasted that graciousnesse of his and could goe lesse in desier and lesse then pressinge after full enjoyment. Deere hart, presse on; lett not husband, let not any thinge cool thy affections after Christ. I hope hee will be an occasion to inflame them. That wch is best worthy of love in thy husband is, that of the image of Christ he beares; look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him: doe soe for me. My service and deere affections to the generall and generalesse; I heere she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. My love to all. I am thy deere father.

OLIVER CROMWELL."

The following is a copy of an original letter in the possession of the Cromwell family. It is dated 13th Aug. 1649, and is addressed, "For my beloved daughter Dorothy Cromwell (Richard Cromwell's wife) at Hurslye, theise.

"My deere Daughter;

"Your letter was very welcome to mee, I like to see any thinge from your hand, because indeed I stick not to say I doe entirely love you, and therefore I hope a word of advise will not be unwelcom nor unacceptable to thee; I desire you both to make it above all things your businesse to seeke the Lord, to be frequently calling upon him that Hee would manifest himselfe to you in his Sonn, and be listeninge to what returnes Hee makes to you, for Hee will be speakinge in your care and in your hart, if you attend thereunto, I desire you to provoke your husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life and outward businesse lett that bee upon the by, bee above all theise things by fayth in Christ and then you shall have the trewe use and comfort of them, and not otherwise. I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way sett, and I desire you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord



and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may heere thereof, the Lord is very near wch wee see by his wonderfull workes, and therefore Hee lookes that wee of this generation draw neere him, this late great mercede of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your husband will acquaint you with itt, wee should bee much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness, wee much need the Spirit of Christ to enable us to prayse God for soe admirable a mercede: the Lord blessee thee my deere daughter.

"I rest thy lovinge father,  
"O. CROMWELL."

"I heere thou didst lately miscarrie; prithe take heede of a coach by all means; borrowe thy father's nag when thou intendest to goe abroad."

The following is also a copy of an original letter in the possession of the Cromwell family. It is date Carricke, 2d April 1560; and is addressed "For my beloved Sonne Richard Cromwell, Esq., at Hurstly, in Hampshire."

"Dick Cromwell;

"I take your letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strayed nor affected. I am perswaded it's the Lord's mercede to place you where you are; I wish you may owne itt and be thankfull, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seeke the Lord and his face continually, lett this bee the businesse of your life and strength. And lett all thinges bee subservient and in order to this. You cannott finde, nor behold the Face of God but in Christe, therefore labor to knowe God in Christ, wch the Scriptures makes to bee the sum of all, even life eternall. Because the true knowledge is not littell or speculative, but inward, transforminge the minde to itt, its unitinge to, and participatinge of the Divine nature. (2 Pet. i. 4. Its such a knowledge as Paul speaks off. Phillip. the 3d. 8, 9, 10. How little of this knowledge of Christ is there amongst us! My weake prayers shal be for you, take heede of an unactive vaine spirit. *Recreate yourselve w<sup>th</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh's Historie; its a bolye of historie, and will add much more to your understandinge* then fragments of storie. Intend to understand the estate I have settled: its your concernment to knowe itt all, and how itt stands; I have heerebefore suffered much by too much trustinge others; I know my brother Maior will be helpfull to you in all this: you will thinke (perhaps) I need not advise you to love your wife. The Lord teach you to how to doe itt, or else itt will be done illfavouredly. Though marriage bee noe instituted sacrament, yett where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles Christ, and his church. If you can truly love your wife what doeth Christ beare to his church and every poore soule therein, wch gave himselfe for itt and to itt. Commend mee to your wife; tell her I enterly love her and joyce in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitfull. I thanke her for her lovinge letter. I have presented my love to my sister and cozen Ann, etc. in my letter to my brother Maior.

I would not have him alter his affaires because of my debt. My purse is as his, my present thoughtes are but to lodge such a sum for my two little gyrls: its in his hand as well as any where. I shall not be wantinge to accomodate him to his minde. I would not have him sollicitous. Dick, the Lord blesse you every way. "I rest,

"Your lovinge Father,  
"O. CROMWELL."

Altogether, this is more a useful, than a literary work, and its defect is, that of being too much studied for the Cromwell family.

*Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men.* By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Arranged with Notes by the late Edmund Malone, Esq. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 302.

This work, as originally announced, was to consist of two volumes; but it now appears, and very carelessly done too, in one only. "Arranged" it can hardly be called; and whoever has had the task of editing what Malone threw together from Spence, has bestowed very little pains upon the subject. It seems as if many parts of Spence's common-place book had been transcribed without order or reference; and the only thing like classification into the three heads, of "Popiana," "English Poets and Prose Writers (and a few Foreign Writers)," and "Miscellaneous," is disregarded in every division. Irregularity and confusion are the consequences; and not only are the same anecdotes, &c. repeated in substance, but frequently in words. Of this, pages 144 and 148, 153 and 155, where we find the identical notices (one of them even reprinted verbatim the third time,) which we have perused in the preceding Popiana.

Notwithstanding this very reprehensible inattention, there are a good many amusing and curious matters in this publication; and though the far greater proportion of its contents wants the recommendation of novelty, it will pass muster as a pleasing parlour companion.

Spence (says the advertisement) lived in an age when taste first appeared among us, and literature first began to diffuse itself among the nation. By his habits a man of letters; by his skill a classical and elegant critic; and by the sweetness of his manners and perpetual curiosity, Spence was well adapted to promote, as well as to record the many conversations he has preserved for posterity. Pope was "the god of his idolatry," for Pope was the creator of an epoch in our literature. This period was a transition from one age to another. The immortal writer had to open an

age of taste and correctness, and to develope the arts of composition; he had to teach us to learn to think; he had to escape from our native but undisciplined invention, and to restrain our prurient imagination in conception and expression; and to polish a diction colloquially feeble or unskillfully perplexed. Literature assumed a new form; the triumphs and the factions of literature arose with the interests they excited in the public feelings, but the progress of his own works was an object, not only of his egotism, but of the curiosity of other men, and the delight of the retentive fondness of Spence.

Some indulgence may however be claimed for one portion of Spence's anecdotes; in the literary class, the reader will find many, with which he is not unacquainted; but if they appear to him as twice-told, he must recollect that Spence was the first teller.

The first period in this extract is a very bold, inconsiderate, and unfounded assertion; taste and literature were both of earlier birth than last century. "To teach us to learn to think," is another strange passage, which, if it is not nonsense, is a fallacy; and as for the concluding sentence, some regard to weeding out the most trite and well known anecdotes, would have been a wiser course than such an apology for reiterating them.

We select, without further preface or remark, the most striking and novel extracts.

In the Moral Poem I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliment to Epicurus; but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkeley. One of our priests, who are more narrow than yours, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness: he was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here.—*Mr. Pope.*

When I was looking over some things I had brought from Italy, to pick out what might be of use to his grotto, and came among the rest to some beads and medals that had been blest at Loretto, he laid them gently aside, and said "these would be good presents for a papist."—*The same.*

I endeavoured (says he smiling) in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece: there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. "It was an imitative poem then, as your other exercises were imitations of this or that story?" "Just that."—*The same.*

On Lord Hyde's return from his travels, his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him, with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank. All Lord Hyde's answer was, "How could you

tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how could you know my price so exactly?"—*The same.*

Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writings. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's works. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire; and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much. Mr. Pope would not comply with such a baseness; and when the alderman died he left him only a legacy of a hundred pounds, which might have been some thousands, if he had obliged him only with a couplet.—*Mr. W.†* [who had it from Mr. Pope, and I have been assured of it by others who knew both Mr. Pope and the Alderman very well.]

The list for prose authors, from whose works such a dictionary should be collected, was talked over several times. There were eighteen; of them named by Mr. Pope, but four § of that number were only named as authorities for familiar dialogues and writings of that kind.—*The same.*

Should I not write down Hooke and Middleton? Ay; and I think there's scarce any more of the living that you need name.—*The same.*

The list of writers that might serve as authorities for poetical language was begun upon twice, but left very imperfect. There were but nine || mentioned, and two ¶ of those only for the burlesque style.—*The same.*

Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am dying.—*Mr. Pope* [on sending about some of his ethic epistles as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.]

There is so much trouble in coming into the world, and so much uneasiness in going out of it, that—it is hardly worth while to be here at all! *Lord Bolingbroke.* [His lordship's melancholy attitude that morning (the 21st), leaning against Mr. Pope's chair, and crying over him for a considerable time with more concern than can be expressed.]

Ah! great God, what is man?—*The same.* [Looking on Mr. Pope, and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs.]

When I was telling his lordship that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovering of his mind, was always saying something kind-

\* It was on this account that Mr. Pope compliments him with that passage—

"—disdain what Cornbury disdains."  
† *Mr. W.* here quoted as an authority about Alderman Barber, was probably *Warburton*.—*M.*

‡ Lord Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Ben Jonson, Lord Clarendon, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, Sir Wm. Temple, L'Estrange, Locke, Spratt, Atterbury, Congreve, Addison, Vanburgh, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke.

§ Ben Johnson, Congreve, L'Estrange, Vanburgh.

¶ Spenser, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Waller, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Prior, Swift.

¶ Butler and Swift. Fletcher was mentioned only as an authority for familiar dialogue and the lighter kinds of writing.

ly either of his present or absent friends, and that this in some cases was so surprising, that it seemed to me as if his humanity had outlived his understanding, lord Bolingbroke said, "it has so!" and then added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind."

I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love and friendship, than—(sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears.)—*The same.*

I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as if it were by intuition.—*Mr. Pope.*

When a friend asked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should send for a priest, he said, "I do not suppose that it is essential, but it will be very right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."—*The same.*

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "there is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

Mr. Pope died the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening; but they did not know the exact time, for his departure was so easy, that it was imperceptible even to the standers-by.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, it is a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured, that we might kick him out of company.—*The same.*

Wycherly was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day as he passed that duchess's coach in the Ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain." Wycherly from that instant entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her next morning; and with a melancholy tone begged to know how it was possible for him to have so much disoblighed her grace? They were very good friends from that time; yet, after all, what did he get by her? He was to have travelled with the young duke of Richmond. King Charles now and then gave him a hundred pounds—not often; and he was an equerry.—*Mr. Pope.*

Rowe was first bred at Westminster, and then at the Temple. He had about 300*l.* a year and his chambers there. His father was a serjeant at law. He was of a pretty personage, and a very pretty sort of man.—*Mr. Lewis.*

Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin—a. For he can now do nothing else but Cinn—a.

was an epigram made by Mr. Rowe on Phil. Frowd's uncle, when that gentleman was writing a tragedy of that name.—*Mr. Pope.*

A little after Dr. Young had published his Universal Passion, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When

\* Dennis says, he was equerry to the duke of Buckingham, as Master of the Horse to the king. *Letters*, p. 219.

a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem!" The duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand.—*Mr. Ramsay.*

When the Doctor was very deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different present. He procured a human skull, and fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor, as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*The same.*

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."—*Ramsay.*

'Tis not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hankering after the French prophets. There was a time, I can assure you, when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology; and another when he was so far gone in chemistry as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher's stone.—*Lockier.*

When the Bishop of Rochester was in the tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, "What shall we do with the man?"—Lord Cadogan answered, "Fling him to the lions." The Bishop was told of this, and soon after in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses by chance in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extreme severe lines against Lord Cadogan.

By fear unmoved, by shame unaw'd,  
Offspring of hangman and of bawd!  
Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he grew by,  
A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

*Ann.*

The Jews offered my Lord Godolphin to pay five hundred thousand pounds, (and they would have made it a million) if the government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agents from the Jews said, that the affair was already concerted with the chief of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin, when this proposal was made; and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it; and, in fine, it was dropped.—*Lockier.*

When Henry the Fourth of France was reconciled to the church of Rome, it was expected that he should give some remarkable testimonial of his sincerity in return-

ing to the true faith. He accordingly ordered a cross to be erected at Rome, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, with this inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*, on the principal part of it. This passed at first as very catholic, till it was observed that the part in which the inscription is put is shaped in the form of a cannon, and that he had really attributed only to his artillery what they had taken to be addressed to Heaven. — *Macorini*, at (Rome.)

Dante's poem got the name of *Comedia* after his death. He, in that piece, had called Virgil's works tragedies (or sublime poetry), and, in deference to him, called his own comedy (or low); and hence was that word used afterwards, by mistake, for the title of his poem. — *Dr. Cocchi*.

*Second Tour of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque, a Poem, in Eight Monthly Numbers. No. I. 8vo. pp. 32.*

A poem written by the same author (Mr. Coombe, we believe), and ornamented by the same artist, Mr. Rowlandson, as the first highly popular tour of this imaginary and eccentric divine. As the first number of such a work must be rather introductory, than in the full flush of a writer's power for entertainment, we shall be very concise in our remarks upon the renewed setting out of our old and amusing favourite. As there is no emblem of pretence in his escutcheon, it provokes no severity of criticism; and we are well enough pleased to go ambling, sometimes hobbling along, with a sort of versification, which resembles the parson's nag in its paces, never hunter-like attempting a stile, but varying a steady walk with an occasional halt, or an easy canter. As for the story: the doctor loses his beloved wife, at a moment of paternal expectancy; and after remaining some time at Squire Worthy's, finding no cure for his melancholy, again sets out on a journey for relief in search of the picturesque. These incidents, and the parish gossip respecting them, occupy the pages of number one. The three designs represent the Doctor lamenting the loss of his wife, the funeral, and the departure; none of them well calculated for a display of the great comic or humorous talent of Rowlandson. A death-bed is too serious for a joke; and though Hamlet is a good authority for grave pleasantry, we are not very partial to that subject for jesting. The commencement of the journey—but we anticipate that these are the least laughable of the prints which we may look for in the remaining publications.

It is worthy of a notice, en passant, that the excellent head of Syntax is a plagiarism from that of "My Uncle," by Dagley, in D'Israeli's amusing book, "Flim Flams."

A short extract or two will illustrate the poetry; and we take them before and after the melancholy catastrophe we have stated,

After a long clouded day,  
The sun broke forth with genial ray,  
And mild prosperity display'd  
Its welcome form in smiles array'd.  
Each virtue woo'd, each duty done,  
Time on swift pinions travels on,  
Nor fears of future evil lour  
To dim with care the present hour.  
—Thus Syntax and his darling wife  
No longer knew domestic strife;  
And since it was their lot to bide  
By Keswick's Lake's admired side,  
They might have claim'd, or I'm mistaken,  
With conscience clear, the flitch of bacon;  
A symbol that is known to prove,  
The perfect state of married love;  
And which, when thus enjoy'd, is given  
As the first boon on this side heaven.

Madam, who now had nought to fret her,  
Of all her whims had got the better;  
Among her higher neighbours, she  
Receiv'd and gave the frequent tea,  
And every stated feast that came  
Display'd the hospitable dame;  
While from the poor, in parish pride,  
She ne'er was known to turn aside.  
As in the millinery art  
She loved to be a little smart,  
The doctor, too, in better station,  
Had somewhat chang'd his form and fashion;  
Nay, to describe him *à la lettre*,  
His outward show was rather better,  
Than when he liv'd by pedant rule,  
A curate with an humble school:  
His coat was not to thread-bare worn,  
His hat had not that squeeze forlorn,  
And his queer wig would now unfurl  
Something that might be call'd a curl:  
Besides, his Dolly's pride, I ween,  
Took no small pains to keep him clean.  
—With eloquence and learning fraught,  
He preach'd what his Great Master taught:  
But no grave airs his hours molest,  
Joy was the inmate of his breast,  
Which, in its various forms, he found  
The way to scatter all around.  
Sage with the learned, with the 'Squire  
He told his tale by winter's fire;  
Or 'mid the pipe's surrounding smoke  
He never fail'd, with pleasant joke,  
To animate the social hour,  
When summer forms her verdant bower,  
Nor from contumelious pride,  
Was his old fiddle laid aside:  
Oft did its sounding strings prolong  
The jocund air and merry song.  
His pencil too perform'd its duty  
In sketching many a landscape beauty;  
Scarce rose a cot within the bound  
That his dominion did surround,  
Whose whiten'd walls did not impart  
Some bounty of the Doctor's art.  
—The parents to his Rev'rence bent,  
The children smiled where'er he went:  
Of grateful praise the warm acclaim  
Ne'er fail'd to wait upon his name.  
Syntax was by the 'Squire caress'd  
And oft exclaim'd, my lot how blest!

While Madam Worthy would commend  
His Dolly as her favourite friend.  
In short, as sister and as brother,  
Their doors were open to each other.

'Twas thus four fleeting years were past,  
In happiness not made to last;

A month at least was gone and o'er,  
But Syntax was not as before;  
For thus, on serious thoughts intent,  
He had not found his merriment.  
He did all duties, it is true,  
With the same care he used to do;  
But, in his daily parish walk,  
He seem'd to have forgot to talk;  
Was silent where he always spoke,  
And nodded where he us'd to joke.  
E'en with the Ladies and the 'Squire  
His thoughts had lost their wonted fire;  
His tongue assum'd a lower tone,  
Spoke but few words and soon had done.  
—Since the last sad and solemn scene,  
He had not to the Vic'rage been,  
But just to see th' old woman granted:  
All that the living creatures wanted:  
For his dear Doll took great delight  
In Bantam-fowl, and num'rous flight  
Of chosen doves, none such were found  
In all the various dove-cotes round.  
The people watch'd him as he oft  
Sat on the gate and look'd aloft:  
They thought that a superior ken  
Was given to all such learned men,  
And that they saw with their keen eye,  
Strange shapes and figures in the sky,  
Which oft, as they believ'd, were given  
To mark the destinies of heaven.  
But his was no prophetic view,  
As the birds in their circles flew,  
He saw as his dear Doll had done,  
Their plumage glist'ning in the sun;  
And shar'd, in melancholy measure,  
The memory of her former pleasure.

The last is rather a pleasing specimen, and we cannot do better than close with it.

*Burckhardt's Nubian Travels, 4to. (Continued.)*

This interesting volume which we introduced and largely extracted from in our last Number, has since issued from the press; and, as far as our observation goes, seems to fulfil the expectations of those who looked for much intelligence from this quarter, as well as the general public, with which Burckhardt's untimely fate has in a manner consecrated his adventurous exertions in the cause of African Discovery. It comprehends all his information upon the north-eastern parts of Africa, and is the prelude to the further publication of his remarks on other countries, especially on Arabia, into which he crossed the Red Sea (at so low a latitude as from about 19° to 21°) when he left the valley of the Nile at Shendy, and crossed the river Athara (Astabaras) and the district of Taka, \*

\* At Col. 2, Page 3, in our last, —The prece-



to Souakin, whence he sailed to Jidda, on the Asiatic side.

Pursuing the extracts in our last, we retrograde a little down the Nile from Shendy to Berber.

When they sleep they generally spread a carpet made of pieces of leather sown together, stretching themselves out upon this, and preferring, according to the general custom of the Arabs, to sleep without any pillow, and with the head lying upon the same level with the rest of the body. In the store-room Dhourra is kept, either in heaps upon the floor, or in large receptacles formed of mud, to preserve it from rats and mice. Swarms of these animals nevertheless abound, and they run about the court-yards in such quantities that the boys exercise themselves in throwing lances at them, and kill them every day by dozens. Besides the Dhourra, the store rooms generally contain a few sheepskins full of butter, some jars of honey, some water-skins for travellers, and if the proprietor be a man in easy circumstances, some dried flesh. The inner court is generally destined for the cattle, camels, cows, and sheep, and it has a subdivision, where are preserved the dry Dhourra stalks, which becomes the usual food of the cattle, when the summer heats have dried up all the verdure which the inundation had produced. The outer court in the generality of houses, contains a well of brackish water, fit only for cattle; here the male inhabitants of the house and strangers sleep, during the hot season, either upon mud benches adjoining the rooms, or upon Angareys, or upon the ground; here the master's favourite horse is fed, and here all business is transacted in the open air. I have already mentioned a room of public women, often met with in these habitations. Indeed there are very few houses of people called here respectable, where such women are not lodged, either in the court-yard itself, or in a small room adjoining the yard, but without its gate: in the house where I lodged, we had four of these girls, one of whom was living within the precincts, the three others in contiguous apartments. They are female slaves, whom their masters, upon marrying or being tired of them, have set at liberty, and who have no other livelihood but prostitution, and the preparation of the intoxicating drink called Bouza. Female slaves are often permitted to make a traffic of their charms before they are at liberty, in order that they may acquire a sufficient sum of money to purchase it.

In marrying, the bride's father receives, according to the musselman custom, a certain sum of money from the bride-groom, for his daughter, and this sum is higher than is customary in other parts inhabited by Arabs. The daughters of the Mek are paid as much as three or four hundred dollars,

and subsequent extracts, relating to the valley of the Nile in Nubia, between the southern frontier of Upper Egypt, and the northern frontier of Dongola, the brief description of the Arab Tribes is quoted, and the word "*Nubia*," I. 15 from the bottom, should be "*Shendy*."

which the father keeps for them as a dowry. Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress either in his own or in a separate house. Kept mistresses are called companions, and are more numerous than in the politest capitals of Europe. Few traders pass through Berber without taking a mistress, if it be only for a fortnight. Drunkenness is the constant companion of this debauchery, and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called Bouza. Strongly leavened bread made from Dhourra is broken into crumbs, and mixed with water, and the mixture is kept for several hours over a slow fire. Being then removed, water is poured over it, and it is left for two nights to ferment. This liquor, according to its greater or smaller degree of fermentation, takes the name of Merin, Bouza, or Om Belbel, the mother of nightingales, so called because it makes the drunkard sing. Unlike the other two, which being fermented together with the crumbs of bread, are never free from them, the Om Belbel is drained through a cloth, and is consequently pure and liquid. I have tasted of all three. The Om Belbel has a pleasant prickly taste, something like Champagne turned sour. They are served up in large roundish gourds open at the top, upon which are engraved with a knife a great variety of ornaments. A gourd (Bourma) contains about four pints, and whenever a party meet over the gourd, it is reckoned that each person will drink at least one Bourma. The gourd being placed on the ground, a smaller gourd cut in half, and of the size of a tea-cup, is placed near it, and in this the liquor is served round, to each in turn, an interval of six or eight minutes being left between each revolution of the little gourd. At the beginning of the sitting, some roasted meat, strongly peppered, is generally circulated, but the Bouza itself (they say) is sufficiently nourishing; and, indeed, the common sort looks more like soup or porridge, than a liquor to be taken at a draught. The Fakirs or religious men, are the only persons who do not indulge (publicly at least) in this luxury; the women are as fond of it, and as much in the habit of drinking it, as the men.

The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people may easily be conceived. Indeed every thing discreditable to humanity is found in their character, but treachery and avidity predominate over their other bad qualities. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude, are found in almost every man's character, and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them or among my fellow travellers from Egypt who would have given a dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one. Especial care must be taken not to be misled by their polite protestations, and fine professions, especially when they come to

Egypt: where they represent their own country as a land inhabited by a race of superior virtue and excellence. On the contrary, infamous as the eastern nations are in general, I have never met with so bad a people, excepting perhaps those of Souakin. In transactions among themselves the Meyrcfab regulate every matter in dispute by the laws of the strongest. Nothing is safe when once out of the owner's hands, for if he happens to be the weaker party, he is sure of losing his property. The Mek's authority is slighted by the wealthier inhabitants; the strength of whose connections counterbalances the influence of the chief. Hence it may well be supposed that family feuds very frequently occur, and the more so, as the effects of drunkenness are dreadful upon these people. During the fortnight I remained at Berber, I heard of half a dozen quarrels occurring in drinking parties, all of which finished in knife or sword wounds. Nobody goes to a Bouza hut without taking his sword with him; and the girls are often the first sufferers in the affray. I was told of a distant relation of the present chief, who was for several years the dread of Berber. He killed many people with his own hands upon the slightest provocation, and his strength was such, that nobody dared to meet him in the open field. He was at last taken by surprise in the house of a public woman, and slain while he was drunk. He once stript a whole caravan, coming from Darnou, and appropriated the plunder to his women. In such a country it is of course looked upon as very imprudent to walk out unarmed after sun set; examples often happen of persons, more particularly traders, being stripped or robbed in the village itself. In every country the general topics of conversation furnish a tolerable criterion of the state of society; and that which passed at our house at Ankheyré gave the most hateful idea of the character of these people. The house was generally filled with young men who took a pride in confessing the perpetration of every kind of infamy. One of their favourite tricks is to bully unexperienced strangers, by enticing them to women who are the next day owned as relations by some Meyrcfab, who vows vengeance for the dishonour offered to his family: the affair is then settled by large presents, in which all those concerned have a share. The envoy whom Ibrahim Pasha sent in 1812 to the king of Sennaar was made to suffer from a plot of this kind. Upon his return from Sennaar to Berber, he was introduced one evening to a female, at whose quarters he passed the night. The Mek of Berber himself claimed her the next morning as his distant relation. "Thou hast corrupted my own blood," said he to the envoy, and the frightened Turk paid him upwards of six hundred dollars, besides giving up to him the best articles of his arms and baggage.

Nearly at Shendy, the most southern point to which Burckhardt penetrated, the various routes converge of Bruce in 1772, of Poncet in 1689, and of Du-roule in 1775. It is far to the West of the latter (after following the same route

to Selima) that the track of Browne, 1793-6, through the Kubbabish Arabs, unto Darfour, stretches. Of all these travellers, Bruce got farthest to the South; his journey into Habesh, or Abyssinia, being more than three hundred miles beyond Burckhardt, and nearly a hundred beyond Poncet, whose ultimate stage was Gondar, whereas Bruce went to the source of the Blue River, and round the immense Lake of Dembea.

As the most novel part of Buckhardt's route, and not the least interesting of his descriptions, occur where he traverses the country between Shendy on the Nile, and Souakin on the Red Sea; we shall at present confine ourselves to that portion of his journey, which occupied about six weeks. He set out on the 17th May, with a caravan, described as follows—

The caravan consisted of at least two hundred loaded camels, twenty or thirty dromedaries, carrying the richest traders, without any other loads; about one hundred and fifty traders, three hundred slaves, and about thirty horses, destined for the Yemen market; they were led the whole way by the slaves. The greater part of the loads consisted of tobacco, which the Souakin people had themselves brought from Sennaar, and of Dammour, from the same place. The caravan was under good care. Its chief was one of the principal men among the Arabs of Souakin, connected by marriage with the first tribes of the Bisharye and Hadendoa Bedouins, through whose territory our road lay; but notwithstanding this, I clearly perceived that there was a constant dread of the Bisharein. The people yielded without reluctance to the orders of the chief in every thing that related to the march of the caravan. The only strangers who had joined the Souakin merchants were a party of Tekayrne (sing. Tekroury) or black traders, consisting of five masters, ten camels, and about thirty slaves. I joined this party, as we were all strangers, and glad of each other's assistance; I encamped near them during the whole of the journey to the coast, separating myself from the Souakin traders, who were also divided into many different parties. I soon became tolerably familiar with my companions: they rendered me many little services, of which no one stands more in need than a caravan traveller, and I was never backward in returning them; so that we continued to be upon good terms: I cannot say a friendly footing, for nobody, even in the Negroe countries, is inclined to form an intimacy with a poor man.

Of these Tekayrne one was from Darfour, another from Kordofan, and three had come originally from Bornou, from whence, many years ago, they had travelled with the caravan to Fezzan, and from thence to Cairo. The principal among them, and who became the head of our mess, Hadji Aly el Bornaway, had travelled as a slave-trader in many parts

of Turkey, had been at Constantinople, had lived a long time at Damascus, (where many Tekayrne serve as labourers in the gardens of the great), and had three times performed the Hadj: he was now established at Kordofan, and spent his time in trading between that place and Djidda. His travels, and the apparent sanctity of his conduct, had procured him great reputation, and he was well received by the Meks and other chiefs, to whom he never failed to bring some small presents from Djidda. Although almost constantly occupied, (whether sitting under a temporary shed of mats, or riding upon his camel upon the march,) in reading the Koran, yet this man was a complete bon vivan, whose sole object was sensual enjoyment. The profits on his small capital, which were continually renewed by his travelling, were spent entirely in the gratification of his desires. He carried with him a favourite Borgho slave, as his concubine; she had lived with him three years, and had her own camel, while his other slaves performed the whole journey on foot\*. His leathern sacks were filled with all the choice provisions which the Shendy market could afford, particularly with sugar and dates, and his diners were the best in the caravan. To hear him talk of morals and religion, one might have supposed that he knew vice only by name; yet Hadji Aly, who had spent half his life in devotion, sold last year, in the slave market of Medinah, his own cousin, whom he had recently married at Mekka. She had gone thither on a pilgrimage from Bornou by the way of Cairo, when Aly unexpectedly meeting with her, claimed her as his cousin, and married her: † at Medinah, being in want of money, he sold her to some Egyptian merchants; and as the poor woman was unable to prove her free origin, she was obliged to submit to her fate. The circumstance was well known in the caravan, but the Hadji nevertheless still continued to enjoy all his wonted reputation.

On the 22d of May they reached the river Athara.

The luxuriant vegetation which now surrounded us filled with pleasure even the stony hearts of the slave traders; one of whom, alluding to the dreary tract we had passed, exclaimed: (Buad el mout el Djenna), "After death comes paradise." We marched for about a quarter of an hour among high trees, from the boughs of which we had much difficulty in disentangling the camels' loads. There was a greater variety of natural vegetation here than I had seen any where on the banks of the Nile in Egypt. I observed different species of the Mimosa, Doum trees of the largest size, whose luxuriant clusters of fruit excited the wishes of the slaves; the Nebek tree, with its fruit ripe; the Aloché, of the size of the Nebek, besides a great

\* Several of the Souakin merchants had concubines with them, whom they always carry with them on their travels.

† In all the Musselman countries the female cousins can be demanded in marriage by the males of the family.

number of others, unknown to me; to these must be added an abundance of wild herbage, growing on a rich fat soil, similar to that of Egypt. The trees were inhabited by great numbers of the feathered tribe, whose song travellers in Egypt very rarely hear. I saw no birds with rich plumage, but observed small ones of several different kinds. Some sweet notes struck my ears, which I had never before heard, and the amorous cooings of the turtle doves were unceasing. We hastened to the river, and eagerly descended its low banks to allay our thirst. Several camels, at the sight of the water, broke the halters by which they were led, and in rushing or stumbling down the banks, threw off their loads, and occasioned great clamour and disorder.

We remained but a short time at this place, and then continued our route along the banks of the river for about an hour, for the most part among the date trees, which line the borders of the desert. These trees were larger than any I had seen in Egypt. At the end of one hour we forded the river, without any difficulty, as the water hardly reached above the knees of the camels. In less than half an hour from the opposite bank, we came to the village of Athara, so named from its vicinity to the river. As the caravan was to remain here some days, the first care of every one was to choose a proper halting-place. The Souakin merchants alighted on an open ground in front of the village, where they formed several parties among themselves. The Tekayrne and myself took possession of some thick thorny bushes on one side of the village, within which, after a few hours labour with the axe, each cut a small birth just large enough to contain himself and his baggage, while the slaves were ordered to sleep before the entrance. We thus secured our goods from pilferers, and by spreading a few mats over the bushes, procured a comfortable shade.

The tribe of Bisharein Arabs, the population of these parts, are of the most infamous character; treacherous, cruel, avaricious, and revengeful: and the author observes—

The inhospitable character of the Bisharein would alone prove them to be a true African race, were it not put beyond all doubt by their language. Not a drop of milk could be had without purchasing it, and the women obliged us to pay for the use of some old earthen pots which we were in need of during our stay; no one would even interpret between us and such of the people as were ignorant of Arabic, without exacting at least a handful of Dhourra for his trouble; this avaricious spirit is conspicuous in all their actions, and it is not merely caravan passengers, from whom it is natural for them to extort some profit, that are thus treated; the poor negroe pilgrims who pass this place in their way to Taka complain bitterly of the pitiless inhabitants of the banks of the Athara.

Dhourra, and a small quantity of Loubye, or kidney-beans, are sown in the woods close to the river, without any previous pre-



paration of the ground. Water-wheels are unknown. The extent of fertile soil is equal on both sides of the river; but nothing is cultivated on the left bank, on account of the depredations of the Djaalein on that side. In years when the river does not overflow the banks, they draw all their supplies from Taka. The same trees grow near the village which I saw on the west bank; the Nebek was the most common; its fruit is so abundant that the camels are sometimes fed upon it. The Oshour occupies the intervals between the larger trees, and leaves but little space for the growth of the Dhourra. A great number of turtle-doves and pigeons flew about; they have numerous enemies in a species of eagle, which is very little larger than the eagle Rakham of Egypt; the body is quite black, the head bald, and of a deep purple red, like that of the turkey. The Bisharein say that tigers abound in the woods, and that very large serpents are sometimes seen; but though I crossed the woods every day to bring water from the river, I never saw any quadrupeds, except innumerable hosts of rats, of the largest size, running among the Dhourra stubble, great numbers of which the slaves killed, and were delighted to eat. The large ants, which are said to be extremely obnoxious in Kordofan and Darfour, are never seen any where to the east of the Nile. During high water crocodiles are found in the river, but no hippopotami. The rhinoceros is unknown here.

The cattle of the Bisharein are very fine, and in great abundance. Their camels had just been sent to the nearest mountains, where some rains had fallen, to feed upon the fresh herbage, while those in our caravan were driven every morning into the woods to feed upon the twigs of the acacias.

The flocks of sheep and goats were following the camels to the mountains; we bought two large sheep for one dollar's worth of Dammour. The chief and some of his relatives keep horses, and wear coats of mail; there are a couple of asses belonging to every tent.

The river Atbara joins the Mogren at about two days from this village, beyond which the united stream bears the latter name.

(To be continued.)

### Anastasius; or Memoirs of a Greek. 3 vols.

The picture of a French tourist, to whom the revenge detailed in our last Number, recommended him, is as well-drawn as that of the Germans.

His object in undertaking the long journey to Turkey seemed to be to play on the guitar, and to compose French love songs. Twice a week a messenger of the embassy was dispatched to Paris, with M. de Vial's effusions, in order that his friends at home might see how he employed his time abroad. *Par contre*, he had determined as soon as he returned to France, and found himself at leisure, to write a detailed account of Turkey—rather however as it ought to be, than as it

was. For M. de Vial disapproved of the Othoman system in toto: and hence he deemed it sheer loss of time to visit the curiosities of its capital. The only thing he could have liked—had he not been too busy learning the *romeika*—was an *affaire de cœur* with the favourite Sultana; and for a long while he continued exceedingly anxious to give the ladies of the imperial Harem a fête on the Black Sea; but that project failing, from their sending no answers to his notes, he wondered who could bear the dowdies of Constantinople, that had seen the *Trois Sultanes* of Marmontel at the Paris opera. In truth, M. de Vial had no patience with the barbarians. Their language was a gibberish, *où l'on n'entendait rien*; and they had so little *savoir vivre*, that they let their heads be chopped off like cabbage tops. Desirous however of treating them to a sight of the last Paris fashions, he decked out his nether man in pea-green coloured cloth, and got himself chastised by a hot-headed Emir, for thus profaning the forbidden colour—almost too sacred with the Turks for the head itself.

In his turn M. de Vial sent the cousin of Mohammed a challenge, with which the Emir lit his pipe. At last, after a whole day uselessly employed in ogling the Sultana mother through a huge telescope, from the tower of Galata, the chevalier felt seized with a desperate fit of ennui, laid in a reasonable stock of embroidered handkerchiefs, to throw to the Paris belles after a Turkish fashion which the Turks know nothing of, and determined to bid adieu to Pera.

We shall not follow our hero through the rest of his Tergimanic career; but proceed to a truly oriental amour with Esmé, the young wife of an aged Turkish Effendi of rank. The lady and her situation are thus described by an old Jewess, the go-between on the occasion.

If the lady, by whom I have the honour of being employed, were one of your ordinary women, on whom the wind blows as freely as on the weeds of the desert, all would be easy enough. Females who go out at all hours to the bath, and to the market place, and to the Bezesteen, or to visit their friends, do whatever they please. But *cadin Esmé* is none of those, I'll warrant you. This exalted fair one has in her own apartment baths of marble and gold; twenty slaves are always ready at her nod to execute whatever whim may cross her fancy; the richest goods of every country are all spread out before her at her toilet; her own chamber opens on gardens whose roses make those of Sheeraz look pale. In short—poor thing!—she can find nothing to want abroad, and when she does go out, it seems rather for the purpose of seeing how superior is all that she leaves at home. Then she generally only travels about in a close carriage. Her visits are confined to two or three of her near relations; and she so seldom finds an excuse for stirring out on foot, that the day you met her was the first time these six months she had stepped across her own threshold. Even when she indulges in a little excursion of the

sort, she only moves, as you see, accompanied by a swarm of servants, or rather, of spies.

The intrigue which ensues has a fatal termination—

For when (says Anastasius) long impunity had made me so daring as to invade the Effendee's own roof; when suspicions arose in the husband's mind, which he resolved to verify; when on he rushed to his harem; when right and left flew the women's slippers, placed as a spell at its threshold; when open burst the door of the sanctuary, and jealousy carried its search into the inmost recesses of the gynæceum; when what became of the hapless Esmé, Heaven, the Effendee, and the Black Sea alone can tell,—not a hair of my head received the smallest injury. That very impetuosity of my enemy which seemed to doom me to certain and immediate destruction, proved the means of my preservation. In the very act of making my escape, the door which turned back upon its hinges turned back upon my person, and concealed the intruder behind its friendly screen, until the Effendee and his troop had passed by. I then slipped away unperceived by any creature within. Some slaves, however, who kept watch on the outside, seeing me run, and in evident confusion, set up a hue and cry. Finding they gave me chase, I darted into a mosque, whose open gate seemed to invite my entrance. All I wanted was to throw my pursuers off the scent. A few old Moslemen were in the djamee, mumbling their evening prayers; and while the mob outside howled after the adulterer, the congregation within began to scream at the Yaoor. Thus placed between two fires, all hopes of escape forsook me. I felt as if I must—but for some special miracle—soon be torn to pieces!

One human measure only remained to save my life. I drew my dagger, threw my cloak over my face, leaned my back against the *mihrab*, and cried, "I am a Moslem!"

Thus protected all his perils vanish, and a new course is opened to the proselyte.

(To be continued.)

### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Art. I. Bowdich's Mission to Ashantee.

Art. II. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Baccio-lini.

This work having been published in 1802, is of course entirely out of the sphere of our criticism. No translation of it having before appeared in France, the present volume will be an acquisition to French literature. It is by the same gentleman who translated Adams' Roman Antiquities, and is equally to be commended for its perfect faithfulness, and for the correctness and elegance of the style. The translator has added some valuable notes.

Art. III. Sir Charles Morgan's Philosophy of Life.

On the first publication of this work, we did not fail to take due notice of it. Mr. Abel Remusat gives a copious, and we think

impartial review of the book, differing, however, from the author's opinions in many important particulars.

## EUSEBIUS.

Art. IV. Eusebii Pamphili *Chronicorum Canonum Libri duo*, &c. 1 vol. 4to. Published by J. Zohrab and Angelo Mai, Milan.

Few works have excited before their publication such general interest as this which we now announce to our readers. The discovery of an Armenian version of the Chronicle of Eusebius, made at a time when this Chronicle still existed entire, and from an original which has been so long lost to us, promised to fill up one of the greatest blanks in ancient history. The learned world expected to find in it, not only the complete system of the Chronology of Eusebius, but also, what was of much greater importance and authority, the original testimonies of more ancient authors, which that learned and laborious writer was supposed to have preserved entire, as there are so many examples in his *Evangelical Preparation*, a work filled with so much erudition both sacred and profane. We hoped to see at length, rescued from the night of ages, the long series of those ancient monarchs of the East, whom the same jealous veil, which concealed them from the gaze of their subjects, seems to have hidden also from us; or at least, we hope to learn the opinion of the ancients themselves on these famous dynasties, respecting which we possessed hardly any thing but insulated testimonies, and modern systems.

After some farther preliminary observations, in which Mr. Raoul Rochette pays a just tribute to the literature of the Armenians, he proceeds to give an exact analysis of this work, shewing what are the new facts, which it adds to our knowledge of ancient history. We shall not in this place go into this analysis, which it would be necessary to translate entire; first, because the work having found its way to this country, our learned readers will not fail to refer to it themselves; and, secondly, because we wish to subjoin to this article, a communication which we have received from another quarter, and which we have hitherto kept back for the purpose of being employed in this place. We subjoin, however, part of the conclusion of M. R. Rochette's review.

"Such is the faithful and rapid sketch of the first twenty-two chapters of this Chronicle, which certainly add very little to our knowledge, in comparison to what we thought we might expect from it; happily the second part will offer us some indemnity, and the expectation of the learned world will not be wholly deceived. I terminate this article with two observations; first, that the greater part of the original testimonies collected in the *Chronicles* of Eusebius, had been preserved to us by Synellus; and, secondly, that the Greek extracts published by Scaliger, at the end of his edition of Eusebius, really belong to the *Chronicle*, since they are exactly translated in the Armenian Version." The following is the communication, to which we alluded above.

VENICE.—The long expected edition of

the two books of the Chronicle of Eusebius, has at length appeared, from the press of the Armenian Convent, in the Island of St. Lazarus, with great typographical splendor. This fine edition does great credit to these learned monks, natives of the East, venerable for their way of life, appearance, learning, and costume, distinguished by their philanthropy, their zeal for the sciences, and by their institution for the education of young Armenians. It cannot but be a great mortification to these worthy men, to see the Chronicle of Eusebius, on which they have bestowed all possible care and expence, published in an unworthy manner at Milan, and this by the unfaithfulness of one of their own brethren, Dr. Joh. Zohrab, who without their knowledge clandestinely took a MS. to Milan, where he joined Mr. Angelo Mai, who was, most probably, wholly unacquainted with the nature of the transaction. That nobody may be deceived by the highly respectable name of the learned and indefatigable Mai, who has performed such important services to literature, it is a duty to set the affair in its true light; and setting aside the unfairness of the proceeding, to warn the public against the Milan edition, published with the names of Mai and Zohrab, in 2 vols. 4to., after a comparison with the edition published here: and the more so, as the *Bibliotheca Italiana*, and other highly respectable journals, have spoken of the Milan edition as a work of merit. But now the original edition is published, there can be no doubt of their respective merits, whether we consider the sources, or the manner in which the editors have performed their task. As for the first, the highly deserving Jo. Bapt. Ancher, to whom the convent entrusted the editing of the work, has fully detailed in the preface the history of the discovery. The Armenian MS. was brought during the last century, from Jerusalem to the Library of the Armenian Seminary at Constantinople: it is on parchment, and of the 12th century, as appears from the characters of the writing, and from the seal of an Armenian Patriarch, named Gregory (though there were several of this name), affixed to the 152d Olympiad, and engraved in this edition. By the desire of the monks of this convent, the learned Armenian, George Resch, at Constantinople, made a copy, and sent it hither in 1790. But in doing this, he improperly proceeded in the arbitrary manner which Scaliger adopted in putting together the Chronicle of Eusebius, and altered his copy accordingly: he at the desire of Ancher again copied the work in 1794, with the greatest fidelity, and sent it by Joh. Zohrab, who was just returning from Constantinople to Ancher, he communicates in the preface the correspondence which took place on the subject. The MS. is consequently the property of the convent; and the boast of Zohrab, as if he had had it copied, is vain, since he was no more than the bearer. But the source of his edition, is the first interpolated MS. on which he made, in a hurry, some small corrections, from the second true copy, and took it to Milan. The careful Ancher, on the contrary, during his second year's residence at Constantinople, compared the second co-

py with the original, and found that it perfectly corresponded with it, with the exception of a few errata, which he corrected.

If the sources of the Milan edition, upon which every thing depends, are corrupt and unauthentic, the manner of editing it will be found equally unsatisfactory. The Armenian text, which ought surely to be given with the first edition, is omitted; here it is printed in the most elegant characters. Mai, who is unacquainted with the Armenian language, has translated it into Latin, with the help of Zohrab; here Joh. Bayet Ancher, who is versed in both languages, has translated (what was especially necessary), word for word, so that in these passages, where the corresponding Greek fragments are preserved, the difference of the readings is evident. In the Milan edition there are few, and unimportant remarks, here very copious ones, with a good register. The former is a work done in a hurry; the latter is executed after long preparation and expence. With what caution Ancher proceeded is evident from his delay in publishing, because he hoped to receive another MS. from the East, though the work was ready for the press in 1795, as appears from the licence (printed in the preface) of the Censor of the *Riformatori dello Studio di Padova*. Then came the years of war and revolution, unfavourable to the publication of such works. Ancher went as Armenian Missionary to Constantinople, did not return till 1815 to Italy, and remained then three years at Rome. On his return the edition was announced and commenced; and when he heard of what was doing at Milan, he descended but without success to offer to publish an edition in common.

In the same convent, a Latin translation will be published, of the work of Philo of Alexandria, "On Providence," which has been preserved only in an Armenian translation.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

The Persian Ambassador is, say the Newspapers, surprized and angry at the review of the "*Travels of the Persian Prince Mirza Aboul-Taleb-Khan*," which appeared in the Literary Gazette last week, from the French, and was copied by a Morning paper under the title of "*Tour of His Excellency the Persian Ambassador*;" and we can assure his Excellency that we had no desire to impute sentiments to him which neither were his nor such as he approved. Neither did we so directly designate him, as was done by the change of title which our copyists adopted for the sake of passing the article off as originally their own; though it is evident that the French critic has, from the similarity of names, fallen into an error as to the identity of his highness. It seems that the whole of the extracts are a selection from the *Travels of Mirza Abu Talib Khan*, an Indian, of Persian extraction, who never resided in Persia, and who travelled in Eu-

\* Who, says Mr. Raoul Rochette, appears not to be familiar with the Latin.—Ed.

rope some 20 years ago. The Ambassador keeps a Journal, but no part has yet been translated or published in any European language.

*To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.*

Sir,—As I have observed you have occasionally favoured your readers with specimens of monumental inscriptions, I beg leave to hand to you the enclosed, which seems to me to be a model for compositions of this sort. The inscription is copied from the tomb in All Saints Church, Hertford, and is from the classic pen of Lord John Townshend. If it meets with your approval, its insertion in the Literary Gazette would I think be acceptable to your numerous readers, and much oblige

Yours, &c. R. R.

*To the Memory of*

Isabella Georgiana Townshend,  
Third daughter of Lord John Townshend and  
Georgiana Ann his wife:  
She died the 17th of September 1811, aged 20.

Oh! gone for ever! loved, lamented child!  
So young, so good, so innocent, and mild,  
With winning manners, beauty, genius, sense,  
Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence;  
The softest, kindest heart, yet firmest mind,  
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.  
Never—oh never yet a fairer bloom  
Of opening virtues found an early tomb.  
How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,  
She, she alone, thy sorrowing mother knows;  
Who three long years with sad foreboding fears,  
Bankrupt of every hope from human art,  
Still wept and watch'd, and still to heav'n for aid  
Her fruitless vows, with meek devotion paid;  
But thou! pure spirit! fled to endless rest,  
Dear child! my heart—dear Bella! thou art blest:  
And oh! the thought that we again may meet—  
Oh! not another gleam of hope so sweet  
Dawns on thy father's breast with welcome ray,  
To soothe his grief and cheer his closing day.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### PRINTED MAPS.

The celebrated Mr. Firmin Didot is now employed in engraving the dies for moveable types for printing maps, which will, it is affirmed, equal those engraved on copper, and which invention seems to be exclusively his own. Many attempts have already been made to print maps with moveable types, among which the specimens from the presses of Messrs. Haas of Basil, and Periaux of Rouen (who exhibited in the Exhibition of Arts this year, a beautiful map of the department of the lower Seine) are particularly distinguished; but they do not satisfy the expectations of connoisseurs: it is therefore hoped, that Mr. Firmin Didot, by his talent and zeal, will succeed in conquering the difficulties which have hitherto opposed the complete success of this important branch of typography.

We must observe, that the art of printing maps with moveable types, is originally a German invention. It is well known that one of the earliest printers, Conrad Sweynheym or Schweinheim, introduced this art

into Rome, in company with Arnold Pannartz, on the occasion of printing the twenty-seven maps for the cosmography of Ptolemy. He died before the work was quite finished, and it was therefore executed by another German, Arnold Buckinck (Bucking) at Rome, in October 1478. The practice was continued for some time in the 16th century, but afterwards abandoned, probably because it was too difficult and tedious, till the second half of the 18th century, when two Germans, almost at the same time, and without knowing any thing of each other, renewed the attempt. The first who published a specimen was Augustus Gottlieb, a Prussian, deacon at Carlsruhe, and who corresponded with the celebrated printer William Haas of Basil, that he might cut types for him on a certain plan, to be used in map-printing. His first attempt was made in 1776. It anticipated Breitkopf in the publication and execution of his ideas, and was called typometry. In the same year, however, appeared the *Environs of Leipzig*, by Breitkopf, as a specimen; and his second attempt, in 1777, in which, and also in succeeding essays which were not made public, he constantly endeavoured to improve his invention.

Mr. Didot will now probably find some method to facilitate the very troublesome process. That may be, *Nam inventis facile est adire.*

### DISCOVERY OF AN ARABIAN ANTIQUE IN POLAND.

Some months ago, there was found in making a road near Brielany in Poland, a brass tablet, on which was delineated the celestial globe, with an Arabian inscription. The Society of the Lovers of the Sciences, begged from Mr. Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages to the university of Warsaw, an explanation of this antique. He was of opinion, that the tablet formed a part of an astronomical instrument made by an Arabian. Soon after this, another such astronomical instrument, with similar tables and inscriptions, was found in the convent of the Piarists at Warsaw. Mr. Chiarini read a treatise on this subject, on the 24th of November, at the sitting of the Society, and stated, that the brass tablet which had been found, constituted, as it appeared to him, part of an Arabian Astrolabe. The instrument at present in the hands of the Piarists, came from Italy about two centuries ago with the first Piarists. The inscriptions on it mentioned the cities of Almeida, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville in Spain. The inscription on the fragment which was found near Bielany mentions the cities of Cairo and Medina.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 31.

The Hulsean prize for the present year is adjudged to the Rev. Edward White, B.A. of Corpus Christi college, for his essay on "*The fitness of the time when Christ came into the world.*"

## FINE ARTS.

### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ROME.

Nov.

The Barbarini Faun is at last released and sent off to Munich, where a Saloon of the new collection of Statuary will be named after it. Besides the desire of keeping in Rome works of art of this importance, a law-suit gave rise to the delay which has taken place. It is well known that this statue ornamented the Tomb of Adrian, and was found in erecting the new fortifications of the castle of St. Angelo.

While the old private collections are gradually decreasing, the discoveries in Quintiliolo near Trivoli shew how much the bosom of the earth still covers. A very beautiful fragment of the statue of a Youth, and a Nereid, are added to those already mentioned; and I hope that these discoveries will remain undivided, and fill a room in the Borgheese Museum.

The great patron and introducer of the English Father Taylor, formerly a Dominican Monk, died lately, and will certainly console himself in the other world for the curses of the lacquies, and the whole tribe who impose upon strangers. He wrote last year a very circumstantial letter on the prices, drink-money, tariffs, &c. in Rome. This was—whether with or without his consent, I do not know,—printed in London, and the idea suggested that every Englishman travelling to Italy ought to take a copy with him. As all articles are set down on the most economical scale, as a Roman Abbé is accustomed to buy, it is natural that such a book be considered as a real act of treason to the state, by the inhabitants of the Spanish place, the coachmasters, &c. Many Englishmen, indeed, make shift with the plan of the city, without any lacquies.

The Church of San Paolo *f. l. m.* will now undergo the repairs of which it is so much in need; several parts which are wanting in the folding doors (very clumsily cast in the middle ages at Constantinople), are to be repaired by the ingenious Prussians, as Messrs. Hopfgart and Jollage are called here. Another attempt is making in the Colosseum, to drain off the subterraneous waters into the Circus Maximus. The incurable disorder of the architect Mr. Stern, and that of the public treasury, which is at least difficult to be remedied, leave the Campo Vaccino, the Arch of Titus, and the Temple of Peace, in the same ruinous condition. Count Blacas intends to continue the excavations of her grace the Duchess of Devonshire, near the pillar of Phocas. Naro's law suit, on account of a sepulchral Monument of which he has taken possession, will be determined in a few days.

The whole affair of the fishery in the Tiber has, like all inconsiderate attempts to effect something of importance, done more harm than good.

Belzoni, says another of our letters from Rome, has happily returned from Egypt, and will proceed from Venice, where he is at present performing quarantine, to England, to receive payment for the antiquities he



has discovered. Several Englishmen have lately made excavations in Cyrene. They discovered several beautiful statues and other interesting antiquities, and sent them off to London.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A FAMILIAR STORY.

It was a winter morning. I had turned  
Into a shop to buy some glittering thing  
For poor Cecilia: many a golden toy,  
Crusted with diamonds and gems lay there,  
And he who sold them, with obsequious look,  
Watch'd every motion, and commended much  
His wares, their workmanship and rare device,  
The water of each stone, its size and hue.  
I stood there undetermined, when a man  
Came slowly in. He shook the rain away,  
And wip'd the blinding sleet from off his eyes,  
(I thought I saw a tear) and in a voice  
Of proud, yet hesitating sadness, told  
The master of the house, he wish'd to sell  
Some trifles—for a friend. The fellow scowled,  
And, in impatient utterance, bade him wait.  
The colour mounted to the stranger's cheek;  
But quick subsiding, left a paleness there—  
More visible than before; and then he sigh'd  
Like one who must endure the sharp neglects  
And scourgings of this money-getting world.  
I could not suffer this: I am not wont  
(You know it) to heap weights upon the fallen,  
So gave up my precedence. I mark'd well  
The stranger's look: It was the face of one  
Who had spent a life in study,—deeply mark'd  
As if the lightning of the passions had  
Been there and marr'd it. On his lips there sat  
A melancholy smile. Shyly he glanc'd  
Around, then softly whispered his demand.  
It was too much—the tradesman's look replied.  
'You cannot then?' he spoke—then, with a sigh,  
And such a look as man gives when he parts  
With all he loves for ever, did he thrust  
His shaking hand into his breast, and pluck'd  
A bauble thence—a picture, as I thought:  
He held the thing in silence for a time,  
Clench'd hard—at last, relaxing from his grasp,  
He seem'd to venture on a glance, and wip'd  
The dimness from the glass, and laid it down,  
Pointing toward it. "Dead Victoria,"  
(He shuddered as he spoke) "the last is gone,  
The last memorial now has passed away.  
Must it be thus?—and yet, what matters it?—  
Art thou not writ upon my heart for ever?—  
If thou canst bear me from thy starry home,  
Thy home amongst the angels, pity me,  
And pardon that I here do give thee up.—  
(Thy likeness)—sell thee, beauty, to defray  
The bitter world's necessities. Not for me,  
Not for my wretched self, abandon'd, lost.  
Oh! I could stare upon misfortune still  
With a bold front, and bid my grief be dumb;  
For I have been accusom'd long to face  
The biting winds of winter—man's neglect—  
Injustice, hate, bitter and freezing want,  
Without a hope, save one—beyond the grave."—  
He push'd the picture from him, and beseech'd  
The man to keep it for a time—perhaps  
He might redeem it. But let me end my tale:  
I made a friend and sav'd him; and when I  
Sat in darkest anguish by my dying bride,  
And sav'd and cur'd the world, and did abjure  
Heav'n and its mighty mercies, he did tend  
(This stranger) like a minstrel's ring spirit round  
My couch, and saved me from a bloody death.  
He soothed my anguish, and did lead my  
thoughts

Upwards, and taught me—hope. At last he died:  
And now there's not one left, but thee my friend.  
My old acquaintance, unto whom my heart  
Turns with a full confiding. Never 'till now  
Didst thou or any other hear me tell  
How first I knew De Lacy: aye, he was  
The desolate stranger of that winter's day.

O.

## [By Correspondents.]

## THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Array'd in nought but her own loveliness  
She stands, a being of celestial mien,  
Such as, 'tis said, the gods did once caress;  
In form—in grace, the type of beauty's queen.  
'Twould seem that genius once, with soaring  
wing,  
On nature's privacy had stol'n so near,  
That, as her hand was sweetly fashioning,  
A faultless being for some brighter sphere,  
He bore the image in his eye away,  
And, swift descending to his native earth,  
With one impassion'd touch impress'd that  
clay,  
And gave the paragon of beauty birth.  
*Camden Town.* H. A. D.  
30th Dec. 1819.

## IMITATION OF BURNS.

The sun's a lowin' i' the sky,  
The laverock is aboon,  
Heard ye not the curlew cry,  
They wauken'd him sae soon.  
Fresh dight'd is the swaird wi' dew,  
And draps are on the bushes,  
The morn, my Jeanie, 's like to you,  
Wi' tears as well as blushes.  
Then up, how can ye sleeping hide  
To hear the burdie's sang,  
When we have mony a mile to ride,  
And a weary way to gang.  
Up, up, or the glaized pane 'll be brak,  
Dinna ye hear me rappin,  
Deil's i' the lassie, winna she wake,  
I'll be na langer stappin.

EVAN.

## LINES,

Written at an Inn within sight of Consbro' Castle,  
Yorkshire.

## (A Scene in the Romance of Ivanhoe)

Here lofty Consbro' rears his crest sublime,  
Tho' fall of years, yet unsubdued by Time:  
As some proud chief, still destined to command,  
In feudal pomp o'erlooks the prostrate land.  
His ample form with vernal honours graced,  
Whose shelt'ring beauty hides wide Havoc's  
waste.  
The smiling Vale that peaceful rests below;  
The gliding stream meandering in its flow,  
In fitful flash reflecting beams of light,  
As windings give it to the dazzled sight,  
Save when it wanders on in sombre mood,  
Beneath the margin of the darkening wood.  
The grey smoke wafted by the gentle gale,  
That scarce with motion stirs the slacken'd sail;  
And nigh the splashing mill a mingled sound  
Is heard to rise mysteriously profound,  
As if some dire Enchanter's magic spell  
Escap'd in echoes from his secret cell.  
 Ofttimes upon the breeze soft notes ascend,  
But soon in harsher strains discordant end.

Vainly the passing stranger seeks the cause,  
In some portentous change of nature's laws:  
• He learns that, fashion'd for the work of death,  
The cannon's bore is heard upon the heath.

The charm now fled, no more with placid mien  
Or soften'd beauty swells the sylvan scene.  
Old Consbro's awful brow thick clouds o'er-  
spread,

And angry seems to rise his time-crown'd head;  
And as Imagination holds her power,  
She rules the impulse of the varied hour †.

D.

\* The works of the Messrs. Walker of Rotherham, for the boring of cannon.

† These lines were written, and many sketches of the sylvan scenery in which Ivanhoe is laid, were taken as singularly beautiful, by the artist from whose pen they came, many years ago. This shows how fine an eye the author of that romance has for nature, and how accurate, as well as picturesque, are his descriptions. Of the effect of this book we could cite no higher instance than that of a gentleman, who after reading the account of the Tournament, and rising to go out, called his servant to bring his helmet, instead of hat. The general power of these novels has never been more highly and happily expressed than by a literary lady, who is so enthusiastic an admirer of them, as to say, "It is a happy thing to live in this age, were it only for the pleasure of reading them."

## HODGE.

The wild winds blow,  
Fast falls the snow,  
And Nature looketh drear:  
The fields and trees  
The shepherd sees  
Deck'd in their wintry gear.  
The gobbling ducks,  
The hen that clucks,  
And cock that struts so bold:  
The lowing cows,  
And bleating ewes.  
Seem pinched by the cold.  
The toiling steed  
Regrets the mead  
Where he was wont to browse;  
The lazy hog  
Grunts at the dog  
That keeps him from the house.  
But Grey-malkin,  
All snug within,  
Enjoys the blazing fire;  
And sleek and fat,  
Doth gently pat  
The mouse that dares her ire.  
Now Hodge returns!  
The faggot burns,  
The sparkling ale goes round;  
The brown nuts too  
Appear in view,  
And mirth and glee abound.  
The rosy maid,  
Of man afraid,  
Refuses to be kist;  
And matrons grey  
Fling care away,  
To play at loo and whist,  
Such are the joys—  
No care annoys  
The happy countryman;  
The winter howls,  
The north witch scowls—  
Hodge higher fills his can!

He heedeth not  
The storm a jot,  
Whilst all around is warm :  
The hail may fall,  
The wind may bawl—  
These give him no alarm.

His barton's full,  
The cow and bull  
Shew Hodge's thrifty care ;  
And more than this,  
His men I wiss  
The farmer's kindness share.

No churl is he,  
But llythe and free—  
He bears a gen'rous heart ;  
And those that are  
In fortune spare,  
Acknowledge his desert.

Now I will show  
What mickle woe  
Attends a town-led life ;  
And eke repeat  
What seemeth meet,  
Or single or with wife.

The air is thick,  
The mud doth stick,  
And clog up all the way ;  
The busy crowd,  
So dull and proud,  
Wear out the dingy day.

At night they roam  
Are seldom home,  
But in the tavern seen :  
With throat like drum  
His wife doth come,  
A bitter shrew and quean.

"What, at your pot,  
You lazy sot !"  
She says in frantic fret :  
But she, poor thing,  
Gets a drub-bing,  
Which sure none can regret.

The single man  
Looks pale and wan,  
Th' effect of early riot :  
It moves my ruth  
To see the youth  
So lost to health and quiet.

For, ere he be  
Full six times three,  
By vile debauch he's undone ;  
And friends lament  
In discontent  
The wickedness of London.

The maidens flout  
And gallivant,  
Bedizen'd out so fine ;  
To church they run,  
But never one  
To list to the divine.

'Tis but to see  
A certain he—  
To plan how to deceive :  
Miss, pert and vain,  
Looks with disdain  
On those that Love believe.

In each new face  
She finds a grace  
Which her old lovers lack ;  
And then, God wot,  
She heedeth not,  
But stuns ye with her clack.

Thus have I shown,  
That in the town  
The people do not well :  
But honest Hodge  
Doth Fortune dodge,  
And gives and lives himself.

His ruddy cheek  
And pimply beak  
Shew little want or care ;  
He's early up  
Then takes a cup,  
And wends to field or fair.

Meanwhile the cit  
Sees visions flit  
Of contracts, stocks, and loans ;  
Thrice cent per cent  
He grasps content—  
He starts—awakes, and groans !

J. H.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL THEODORE REDING  
VON BIBEREGG.

Commanding the Swiss troops in the service of Spain.

(Extracted from the *Journal of a German Officer in the Spanish service at the battle of Baylen*.)

I cannot refrain (says the officer) from relating an anecdote, which throws such a pleasing light on the character of the immortal Don Theodore Reding, a man who by his intrepidity, personal valour, and sound judgment in the military art, greatly contributed to the success of that day. On the evening before the battle, several dragoons of one of our most distant pickets of cavalry brought bound into the camp, about twenty Andalusian peasants, who were conducting a number of mules and asses loaded with water, by a secret road, to the French, when they were seized by our people. The heat was so excessive, that persons of eighty years of age remembered nothing to equal it. The peasants trembling awaited their sentence, before the General's tent, well knowing that death was the consequence of their crime. At last the commander appeared. Curiosity had drawn together some young officers, to whom Reding said : "Gentlemen, form a circle. These men, (continued he, addressing us with great seriousness,) were conveying us with great seriousness,) were conveying to the enemy, who are, we know, suffering for want of water, that necessary article ; now determine their punishment—I will collect your votes." "The gallows according to the Laws of War," said the first, the second, and the third. The peasants turned pale. Some voted for shooting them ; the most compassionate for drawing lots and punishing every fifth man. "But do not let us," said the General, "decide too hastily in a case of such importance ; which of you, gentlemen, can know how many of us may survive to-morrow? What induced you, (turning to the peasants,) to act in this manner? You ought to contribute to our success ;—you, whose interest it is to do the French all possible harm, even you bring provisions to the enemy's camp !"

"General, we have done wrong, (said one

of the peasants,) but have some excuse to offer. Our huts and our corn were a prey to the flames. We are all fathers of families, and no prospect but starvation remained to us for the approaching winter. We knew very well that the French paid two reales for a glass of water,—with this money we hoped to relieve ourselves from want. Our sons are here in the army, and we also are prepared to die fighting for our country. A part of this very money was intended for powder, as we are too poor to procure our ammunition, as is required of us." Tears sparkled in the eyes of the Hero. He went into his tent, came out with a purse in his hand, and gave every peasant a piece of gold worth five ducats, saying, "Divide the water among your countrymen, and leave the French to me ; to-morrow they will have something to drink." He would not stop to receive their thanks, but immediately after this noble action withdrew. It is remarkable, that in this battle Swiss were seen fighting against Swiss, who here murdered each other for the pay which they received from foreign nations. The French Swiss regiments, who wore a red uniform, were called by ours the Red Swiss, and they were in fact not a little inveterate against each other. Two Redings commanded Spanish troops, and one a French Brigade. Don Theodore would not see this latter, Don Carlos Reding, when he was made prisoner.

### THE DRAMA.

Our return of the drama this week is *nil* ; no novelty has been produced at either of the great houses, and we are not so much in love with theatrical antiquities, as to compose an essay upon them. The pantomimes continue their attractions. The Bean-Stalk seems to be productive ; and Grimaldi having exchanged his squire's for a clown's dress, is more at home than ever in the blanket, wherein he is so happily, since by proxy, tossed.

NEW DRAMA.—A Musical Drama, taken from the popular novel of the Antiquary, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre. Liston is to represent Oldbuck the Antiquary ; Emery, Ochiltree ; and the principal musical characters by Duruset, Miss Stephens, and Miss Tree.

### THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

*La Somnambule*, a Vaudeville in 2 Acts.—Nina went mad for love ; but Cecile, the heroine of the new Vaudeville, merely becomes a *sleep-walker* because her lover has forsaken her through unfounded jealousy. Cecile, in revenge, resolves to bestow her hand on another admirer. Every thing is arranged for the wedding ; and the intended bridegroom arrives, accompanied by Gustave, the faithless lover, of whose adventure he is ignorant. Gustave sees the fair phantom during the night, and some words which Cecile utters in her sleep convinces him that his suspicions of her were groundless. The author, it would appear, takes it for granted

that a woman necessarily speaks truth in her sleep; though many a fair dreamer might be inclined to dispute the principle.

Be that as it may, Gustave, too generous to destroy his friend's happiness, determines to set off on the following day; but Cecile's shawl, which is found in his chamber, explains the whole affair to Frederick, and he renounces the hand of his intended bride, in favour of her former lover. This, it must be allowed, was the most prudent course that could be adopted by a gentleman about to marry a *sleep-walking wife*.

#### THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

First representation of *Les Petites Danaïdes*, ou *Les 99 Victimes*.—This is a parody on the Tragedies and Operas that have been founded on the story of the Danaïdes. M. Sourniois, a restaurateur, takes place of King Danaus. He has fifty daughters, who are married to their fifty cousins. Cupid is irritated that Hymen should thus deprive him of so many subjects, and he deposes a dream to M. Sourniois, which gives him the nightmare; and informs him that one of the bridegrooms intends to send him *ad patres*. Terrified at this warning, Sourniois, who has not been made acquainted with the name of the *delinquent*, thinks the surest way is to dispatch all his sons-in-law at once.

He summons his daughters to meet him in the evening in the cellar. Cupid, who is also in attendance, examines the casks, and finds in one of them fifty knives, which he transforms into fifty daggers.

Sourniois' daughters range themselves in circles round the barrels. "My little angels," says the father, "you must perform me an act of service: do me the favour to kill your husbands this evening." Forty-nine swear to execute the barbarous orders, and they conceal the daggers in their ridicules. M. Sourniois, however, observes that Madeleine has not sworn like the rest; he suspects that she intends *in petto*, to save M. Pincée, her husband; and he reproaches her for her weakness.

This scene resembles one in Gombaud's tragedy of the Danaïdes: when Danaus exhorts his daughters to murder their husbands, one of them seriously asks:—

"Pour leur donner la mort, comment les prendrons nous?"

"Il faut les enivrer!"

replies Danaus. Hypermnestra then observes that her husband never sleeps, and that the strongest wine cannot intoxicate him. In this instance the tragic poet is at least as burlesque as the author of the parody.

Madeline prevails on her dear Pincée to fly. The forty-nine bridegrooms retire to rest, and soon meet their fate. Their ghosts are seen rising to heaven, with their cotton night caps; and Sourniois and his daughters are hurled to the infernal regions, where they are doomed to endure endless grotesque torments.

The piece was received with warm approbation.

#### VARIETIES.

There have been, for the last few days, several spots visible on the sun's disc; some of them very large. It is remarkable that these spots change their figure and position, and disappear and re-appear with unusual rapidity.

Rousseau could not endure spoiled children. One day, as some children were playing in the gardens of the Tuileries, Bernardin observed to him; "These are beings whom you have rendered happy; your advice has been followed." Rousseau replied, "I spoke against those who tyrannize over children; but now it is the children who lord it over their governesses and tutors."

Among the advertisements of the present period, are several of "Finishing Academies."

A countryman stepped up to Mr. — a bookseller at Doncaster, who was standing at his own door, and enquired if this were the Green Dragon? Mr. — led him gently out to the middle of the street, and pointing to his sign, the *Bible and Crown*, said, "Is that like a Green Dragon, friend?" "I do not know," (replied Hodge, not in the least disconcerted) "for I never seed ane!"

A discussion respecting oysters, at present occupies public attention in Belgium and Holland. A bank of oysters has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of Antwerp. These oysters, it appears, do not agree with the Belgians; but the Dutch, on the contrary, are very fond of them and hence a serious dispute has arisen in the journals of the two countries. The Batavians say the oysters are not *English*; but the Belgians like them the better for that, and pride themselves in giving the preference to their own *native oysters*; the *moderates*, who may be said to belong to the *stomach faction*, eat both impartially. Thus political feeling attaches itself to every thing! Where will party spirit next find a niche—since it has penetrated even into oyster-shells!

A child of little more than seven years of age, named Faustin Hugues, is at present the object of enthusiastic admiration at Naples, for his extraordinary performances on the violin.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for December 1819.*—Raoul Rochette Deux Lettres à mylord d'Aberdeen.—Reviewed by M. Letronne.

Mlle Vauvilliers Histoire de Jean d'Albert, Reine de Navarre.—M. Daunou.

Feroozabad. The Kamooos or the Ocean.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

George Reinbeck, Dramatic Works (in German).—Mr. Vanderbourg.

P. Basile de Glemona. Supplément au Dictionnaire Chinois-Latin.

BURNING OF WIDOWS.—About a year ago, Bykuntthnauth Banoojee, Secretary to the Brahmy or Unitarian Hindoo community, published a tract in Bungla, a translation

of which has been made into English, wherein he not only maintains that it is the incumbent duty of Hindoo Widows, to live as ascetics, and thus acquire divine absorption, but expressly accuses those who bind down a widow with the corpse of her husband, and also use bamboos to press her down and prevent her escape, should she attempt to fly from the flaming pile, as guilty of deliberate woman murder. In support of this charge, as well as of his declaration of the illegality of the practice generally, he has adduced strong arguments founded upon the authorities considered the most sacred. This treatise has excited a strong sensation in India, where the horrible custom against which it is directed is still lamentably prevalent.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 30.—Thermometer from 21 to 33.

Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 62.

Wind S.W. and S. E.—Cloudy and hazy, most of the day. A fine coloured halo formed about 10 o'clock this morning, and continued for about an hour.

Friday, 31.—Thermometer from 18 to 28.

Barometer from 29, 57 to 29, 52.

Wind N.E. E. and S.W. E.—Early part of the morning clear; the rest of the day hazy.

JANUARY, 1820.

Saturday, 1.—Thermometer from 13 to 29.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 72.

Wind N. E. and W. by S. E.—Morning clear; the rest of the day foggy and cloudy.

Sunday, 2.—Thermometer from 17 to 40.

Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 66.

Wind S. E.—Foggy and cloudy; with rain at times.

Monday, 3.—Thermometer from 33 to 25.

Barometer from 29, 67, to 30, 15.

Wind N. 3 and E. E.—Morning cloudy, with a little snow, the rest of the day clear.

Rain fallen .375 of an inch.

Tuesday, 4.—Thermometer from 19 to 29.

Barometer 30, 26 stationary.

Wind S.W. E.—Generally hazy.

Wednesday, 5.—Thermometer from 14 to 24.

Barometer from 30, 31 to 30, 35.

Wind S.W. E.—Generally hazy.

Rime particularly thick in the morning.

On Tuesday the 11th, at 5 hours, 35 minutes, 54 seconds, (clock time), the third Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. R.'s communications are received with acknowledgments.

Y. is a more accurate than liberal critic, on the adverb "only" being, certainly loosely and erroneously, placed before instead of after the words "inferior" and "published," in the first col. of our last Number. The sense requires the latter; and it was sheer haste in preparing for Saturday a review of a quarto volume, not seen till Thursday afternoon, which caused the careless blunder. Erratum.—In our last Number, in the review of Sir W. Ouseley's Travels, col. 2, p. 9, line 52, for "Trinity" read "Unity" of God.



### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts  
in the United Kingdom.

#### NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE Pictures, &c. intended for Exhibition and sale in the British Gallery, the ensuing season, must be sent there for the inspection of the Committee, on Friday the 14th, and Saturday the 15th of January next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and five in the afternoon; after which time no picture, nor other work of art will be received. (By order)

British Gallery, Pall-Mall,  
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JOHN YOUNG,  
Keeper.

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